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BATHER
By PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR



IN THE BOAT
By ÉDOUARD MANET

A Few Hours With Duret

By CHARLES LOUIS BORGMEYER

I HAD heard of Théodore Duret for years, and had read his books on the Master Impressionists, and on Whistler, with the greatest interest, so I was quite puffed up with pride when I was told he wished to call upon me "at my convenience," for the unbelievable reason that he had found what I had written in my Master Impressionists, "so interesting and so understanding that he felt we would be friends."

Naturally I was flattered, but there was no great reason for this, as Théodore Duret is one of those rare men, appreciative of the slightest artistic effort, if it but ring true.

As a connoisseur, he is known far beyond the walls of Paris. As an authority on art matters generally he under ranks none. Today his opinion is sought for from far and wide. Ever since he made his fortunate predictions about the Master Impressionists, the world has listened to hear whom he picks for a winner next time.

During the first few minutes of our visit we talked about Paris, the day, etc., and it reminded me of what Moore says: "If Homer and Shakespeare were suddenly introduced they would have to begin with remarks about the weather, or the pleasure each had taken in the other's work." We



PORTRAIT OF THEODORE DURET
 By JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER
 —Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

followed the rule, but during those few minutes I have no doubt that M. Duret saw things about me that would have surprised me. On my part, I gathered a general impression of a gentleman, just past three score and one; a big, cheerful man, whose democratic simplicity was in curious contrast to the something artificial that most big men force into everything they undertake. The impression was strong of a mod-

est, affable man, who takes a good deal of trouble to look as if he had done nothing out of the common. Were I but competent, I would describe the solid, quiet comfort of his home and the beauty of the pictures in his collection. I could not ask him for photographs of his treasures and this forces me to the unfortunate necessity of having no illustrations, or of using illustrations of other pictures by several of the artists in his collection.

As I grew friendly with M. Duret, just to see him surrounded by the works of the friends of his life-time was an object lesson. He has devoted his whole mind and life to his pictures, his books and friends. This turns these pictures into something personal, often a communication from one who is gone to him who survives; a connecting link between the past and the present. They give him a hearty greeting in the morning when he awakens; a pleasant companionship for his breakfast, and above all an inspiration, as he looks up from his ever-heaped desk, to meet their pleasant smiles. They encourage him to carry for-



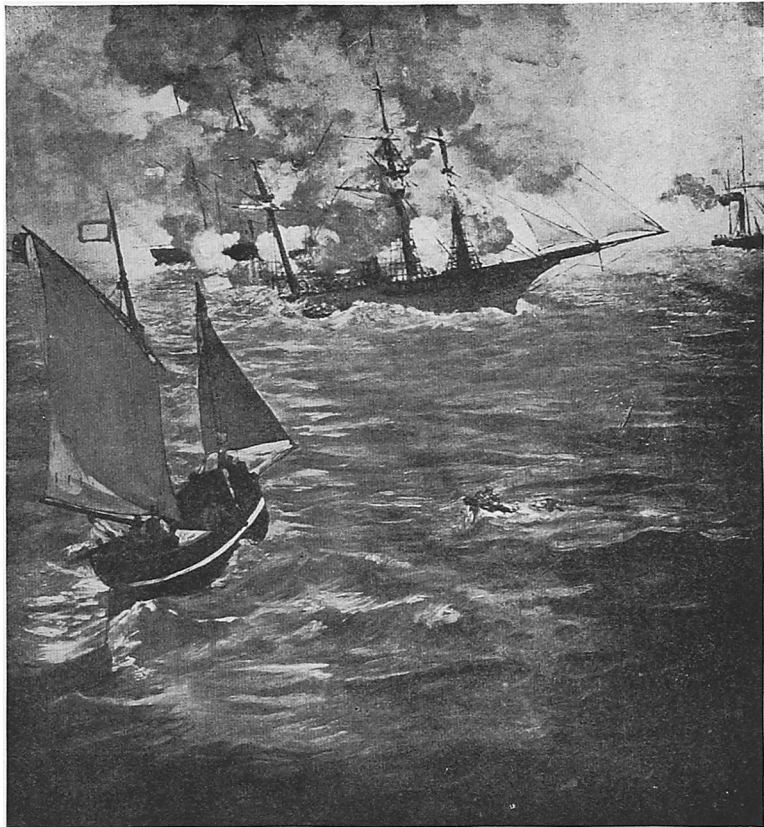
LA NÈGRESSE By ÉDOUARD MANET
 —Collection M. Marzell de Nemes, Budapest

ward the good, wholesome work that he has been doing for many a year. But, more of that later; just now we have but started our conversation with him.

M. Duret, who has visited every European country and many of those in the East, including Japan, about which he has written very interestingly, is interested in America, where he has many friends. He has visited us no less than three times. His first visit was in 1861, during the Civil War. He said that he stayed with an English friend, a Mr. Osborn, in Brooklyn, which was at that time a mere village. He recalls a long drive to

Coney Island, which could only be reached by crossing a creek in a small boat. In a very few words he betrayed his knowledge of America and of the men and women here who may be counted among our true lovers of art. It seemed a long way to travel to find out a friend of some of our best, although perhaps practically unknown, judges of art.

He spoke particularly of his friendship with Whistler. This has been written about many times by himself and others, but telling it to me, with many souvenirs at hand, which he handled as he talked, was quite another thing, I can assure you. He told me he could not remember where and when he first met Whistler, but it was about 1863. It was after Whistler returned to Paris from Venice that they began the inti-



THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE KEARSARGE AND THE ALABAMA
By ÉDOUARD MANET

mate friendship that lasted until Whistler's death.

After Whistler left Paris and went to London, this intimacy grew until many a subtle tie held them. It was one of those close and touching friendships which often occur between men of talent who have been thrown together by similarity of taste. They lived together, off and on, from 1878 in both London and Paris. In the early years of their friendship both Whistler and Duret were unmarried; Duret is still a bachelor. They had intimate friends among all the great painters of the day.

M. Duret said: "Notwithstanding the many tales that have been told about my friend Whistler, I never found him difficult in the least. By nature he was as gentle as a child and as tender as a woman,"



YOUNG WOMAN (SEATED)

By EDOUARD MANET

—Collection M. Eugène Blot, Paris

and then turning his face aside and looking wistfully out of a window, he added in a low voice, "and I loved him."

When M. Duret began to speak of Whistler's death through heart failure, and of his funeral, which he attended, his voice dropped its cadence, there was a perceptible halting and in a moment, listening sympathetically as I did, there came to me a realization of how dear the companionship of our greatest American painter had been to this man. Their friendship was steeped bodily, as it were, in all the early movements of this interesting period in the history of art. Again and again, when Whistler's name cropped up in our conversation, M. Duret's voice would become almost a caress, and one knew he was speaking of someone very dear to him. The "great fighter" inspired this tall, strong man with as great an affection as one man feels for another in this life.

"Our landlady in London and her sister were lovely people. They were intensely

English and very patriotic. As an illustration of Whistler's sweet character, I recall how, through the very joy he felt, he would tease this landlady of ours, during the long drawn out British losses which occurred during the Boer war. Whistler would come in and announce a Boer victory, which would always send these good women into tears, and then, like a bad boy who was sorry for his naughtiness, he would later in the day come in humbly, bringing with him a large bouquet of flowers, or a box of sweets.

"Then followed the matter of his marriage. At first, of course, he was absorbed in his new estate, as naturally he should have been, and I did not see as much of my friend as formerly. At first I felt that we had drifted apart, and while we continued to associate and were very friendly, we, for a time, were not as intimate, but, say after a period of two years, we came together again. I dined frequently with him and his wife, and when the occasion offered, I



IN THE PARK

By CLAUDE MONET

—Collection M. Marcell de Nemes, Budapest



REGATTA AT ARGENTEUIL
By CLAUDE MONET

—Collection Camondo

found that the close intimacy of former years was still in full force. The portrait which he painted of me, and he only painted me once, was done in London, in 1883, in Tite Street. We had been to a picture show, where a portrait had offended Whistler's taste. He grew excited over the idiocy of painting a modern man in a robe copied from antiquity, even if the man did occasionally wear the robe as an insignia of some office he held in some corporation."

Mr. Bryson Burroughs of the Metropolitan Museum tells this story in the March Bulletin of his Museum, more fully than M. Duret told it to me. He writes:

"It was the discrepancy between the costume and the appearance of the person that Whistler objected to, holding that the sitter should be posed according to his physique and habit and in a costume to which he was accustomed. He was astonished that no

gentleman had himself painted in evening dress, for instance, appropriate as this was deemed for so large a part of his social life. Was the task of painting it so ungrateful, then; did it offer such difficulties of execution that the painter should shun it completely?

"It was agreed between them that portraits of gentlemen in evening clothes should be painted and Whistler proposed that Duret should pose for him in that costume. They further discussed the form the picture should take; it should be full-length and life-size; it should have a light background so that the figure might stand out; and there should be some accessory to help the arrangement and make less forbidding (*rébarbatif*) a man black from head to foot. After reflection Whistler said, 'Come on such a day, bring your evening dress and pink domino.' Duret was sur-



HAY MAKERS By CAMILLE PISSARRO
-Reproduced from "*Les Peintres Impressionnistes*,"
by Théodore Duret

prised, but made no objection. He purchased the domino from a costumer in Covent Garden Theater and at the appointed time appeared with it at the Tite Street studio.

"He made me stand," says Duret, 'before a hanging of pinkish gray, the pink domino thrown over my left arm, the right hanging and holding my hat, and began to attack the portrait without preliminary drawing, merely marking with chalk on the bare canvas indications of the head and feet and

the limits of the figure at the left and right, putting immediately on the canvas the colors and tones such as they should exist in the finished picture. At the end of the sitting the general physiognomy of the work was apparent. There was a man standing front view in evening dress. The domino permitted him to realize the combination of colors in a decorative order, which he introduced into all his painted work. There was the black of the clothes, the pink of the domino, the pinkish gray of the background. It formed an arrangement in flesh color and black. He had used the domino also to determine the character which the picture was to have, a representation of a gentleman entering a ball room. And further it had permitted him to escape from the stiff parallelism of the two sides of the body and to diversify the contour. This idea of the domino came to him as a real painter's invention; he drew from this simple object the unexpected (*imprévu*) arrangement of a work of art.'

"There were many sittings. 'One of his principal cares as the portrait advanced,' to quote Duret again, 'was to preserve the aspect of a thing produced without effort.



THE SEA ON THE SMALL STONES
By CLAUDE MONET

—Collection M. Eugène Blot, Paris



AT THE PIANO
By BERTHE MORISOT

—Reproduced from "*Les Peintres Impressionnistes*," by Théodore Duret

Instead of adding details, he suppressed them and above all cherished a broad treatment.'

"The character of the head is convincing. The likeness must have been remarkable, for in spite of the intervening years, M. Duret is still strikingly like the portrait. I saw it first in 1909 at M. Duret's apartment in Paris, where it was the principal picture in a notable and distinctly personal collection, a fitting expression of the intelligence which had gathered them together. Among these I remember a Poussin, a head by Ingres, the study for the Muse in the portrait of Cherubini in the Louvre, several Courbets, and many pictures and studies by Renoir, Cézanne, and Van Gogh, for Duret was among the first to acknowledge the genius of these latter.

"During my visit, Mr. Duret told of his desire that the portrait might find its final resting-place in some great permanent collection in the painter's native country. That it is now bought by the Museum is a cause for congratulation to all concerned: to M. Duret, because no place could be found where the picture would be more largely appreciated; to the Museum, because it could not secure a more important example of the work of our foremost artist.

"The Duret is incontestably in the first rank of Whistler's production. In decorative effect and beauty of material—what the painters call quality—it yields to none. The portrait of his mother in the Luxembourg may surely be placed higher in one direction, namely, that it, more than others, rests on a foundation of human interest, as



TWO LADIES IN THE COUNTRY
By BERTHE MORISOT

—Collection M. Marczell de Nemes, Budapest.

it embodies an expression that all may appreciate—the dignity and tranquil beauty of old age. The Mother is the most literary of all his portraits. The Duret has but little of this. The face is that of a sensitive and fearless thinker, but with scorn of the possibilities of this fact as material for a consistent study of character, Whistler makes his model wear evening clothes and carry a domino and a fan. The lines, colors, and masses are beautiful for their own sakes only. They have none of the symbolical significance that the tranquil pattern, the sweet grays, and the solemn blacks in the Mother contain—counting so importantly in the mood which that lovely picture evokes. But in one way, and in that very considerably, the Duret is better. Its preservation is perfect; there are no cracks or

discolorations or dangerous places where the paint has been loaded over insecure foundations, which is unfortunately the case in many of Whistler's pictures. Here all is as smooth and even as the surface of a Japanese painting on silk."

M. Duret told me that this perfect preservation that Mr. Burroughs speaks of is due to the way the portrait was painted. "It took Whistler three months, more or less, painting at it occasionally. The long time taken in painting it was due to the fact that Whistler laid on successive layers of paint and each one had to dry before the other was added. He had plenty of time for we were constantly together. There were from ten to fourteen layers of paint applied, which made it very strong. It is perhaps the best portrait he has ever

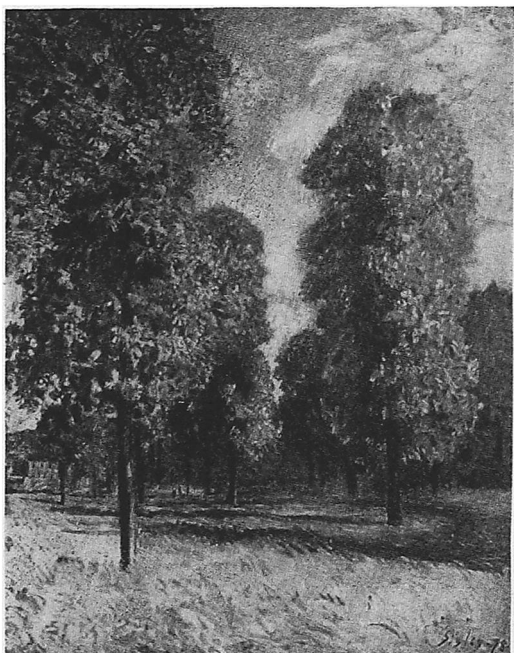
painted; that is, so far as paint goes. It is certainly in the best preservation. This, I hold, is due to the length of time he took in completing it. He put on layers of paint thinly and successively. He did this in order to procure the translucency seen in many of his works. He had learned before this that if too many layers or if the layers were put on too quickly, they would not dry well. It is because of this that his best portraits always required a lot of time, although he has said he could paint a portrait in a day and he has done so. But for this reason some of the paintings that he has done so quickly are not in the best state of preservation today, for the paint did not have sufficient time to dry properly. Whistler did not make his own paint, as some people have thought, but he mixed his colors in his own way. When you look at my

portrait, now at the Metropolitan Museum, you will notice that the shirt appears white; as a matter of fact, it was light gray. There is a tint of gray in it. It is not thoroughly white, as it seems to be, when you compare it with the black. It is the contrast which gives this effect. He had his scheme of painting this portrait thoroughly developed before he ever touched the canvas. It was always his plan to make an 'arrangement' and when that arrangement had been completed in his head, he sought to realize it upon the canvas. It is between this conception and its realization that so many artists fail in their accomplishment. It is the yawning abyss which the artist of original talent finds difficult to cross. A great poet can dream anything, but his difficulty occurs when he seeks to put it into form. In my portrait, the paint of the foreground



MORET THE RIVER LOING
By ALFRED SISLEY

—Collection Camondo

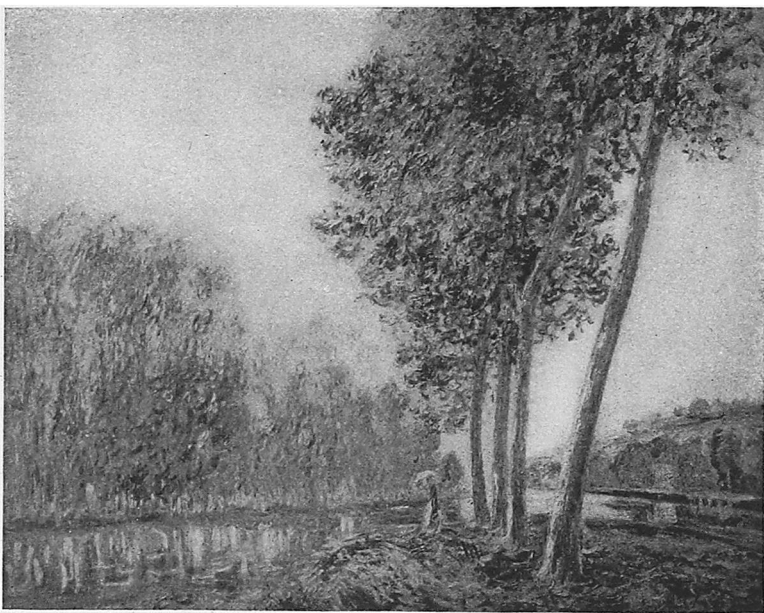


LANDSCAPE By ALFRED SISLEY
—Collection M. Marczell de Nemes, Budapest

is carried out in the paint of the background. This is done so as to make the arrangement, which he planned with the background, show as if it were pink; in reality, pink does not exist in the portrait at all, but it exists by arrangement, and is felt; it is visible, although the public cannot see it. It was Whistler's idea that his conception need not or should not be known to the public, when his idea or conception had been carried out by him. In other words, he held that when a painting is completed it should speak for itself. This was one of the things that Whistler felt very strongly about.

Whistler's scheme of painting involved much and careful work. Indeed, in everything that he did he exercised the greatest care, but this care in his work, he said, must not appear. 'There must be no appearance of effort in a work of art. It must be suppressed; it must not be visible in the work itself; it must not show the sweat of my brow. It should be a success from the beginning, if it is to be a success at all. It should, like a flower, blossom.'"

From this, we strayed into an interesting conversation about his early friendship with Manet. The account of their first meeting was so nearly the story told in his book, *Les Peintres Impressionnistes*, that I will quote instead of retelling it. To understand Manet's feeling at their first encounter you must know that he had been undergoing a period of contemptuous abuse. His *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* and his *Olympia* gave him greater notoriety than any painter had possessed before. Persistent caricaturing and newspaper talk of him and his work had so spread his fame that, as M. Duret says:



LE LOING By ALFRED SISLEY

—Collection M. Hirsch, Paris

"It was no exaggeration when Degas said that he was as well known as Garibaldi. When he went out into the street people turned round to look at him. When he went into any public place a general murmur went round, and he was pointed out as though he had been some curious beast. It might at first have been gratifying to a new painter to find himself the object of general remark, but the marked form which the attention of the public had taken soon destroyed

any possible satisfaction which might otherwise have been derived from it. The distinction of being so prominently in the public gaze was due simply to the fact that he was regarded as a madman, a barbarian who committed outrages in the domain of art and trampled under foot the traditions which were the glorious heritage of the nation. Nobody condescended to examine his work with a view to discovering his intention; none of those in authority gave him any credit for his genius as an innovator. The striking reputation which he had acquired only served to brand him as a pariah.

"When the Salon was closed in the month of August, in order to secure a brief respite from persecution, he carried out his long-matured project of a visit to Madrid. It was there that I made his acquaintance. The manner of our meeting was so remarkable and so typical of his impulsive character that I feel bound to relate the incident here.

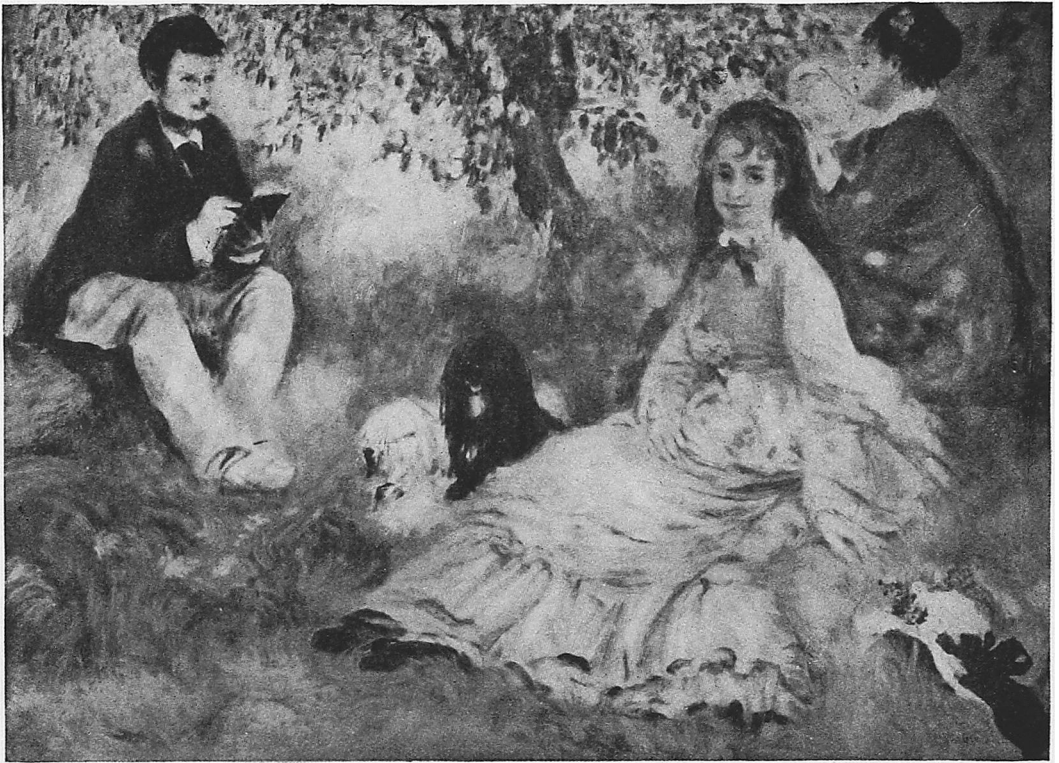
"I was returning from Portugal, through



THE DAM OF THE LOING
By ALFRED SISLEY

—Collection M. Louis Bernard, Paris

which I had traveled partly on horseback, and had arrived that very morning from Badajoz after having been in the diligence for forty hours. A new hotel had just been opened in Madrid, in the Puerta del Sol, on the model of the large European hotels—a thing hitherto unknown in Spain. I arrived worn out with fatigue and literally famishing with hunger. The new hotel where I had put up appeared to me a veritable place of delight. The lunch to which I had sat down seemed like a feast of Lucullus. I ate with a sensation of luxury. The dining-hall was empty except for a gentleman who was sitting some distance away at the same long table as myself. He, however, found the *cuisine* execrable. Every other minute he ordered some new dish, which immediately afterwards he angrily rejected as inedible. Each time that he sent the waiter away, I, on the contrary, called him back, and with ravenous appetite partook of all the dishes indifferently. Meanwhile I had paid no attention to my neighbor who was so dif-



THE FAMILY HENRIOT
By PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR

—Collection M. Marczell de Nemes, Budapest

difficult to please. When, however, I again asked the waiter to bring me a dish which he had refused, he suddenly got up, came near to where I was sitting and exclaimed angrily, 'Now sir, you are doing this simply to insult me, to make a fool of me—pretending to relish this disgusting cooking and calling back the waiter every time that I send him away!' The profound astonishment that I displayed at this unexpected attack immediately convinced him that he must have made a mistake as to the motive of my behavior, for he added in a milder tone, 'You recognize me: of course you know who I am?' Still more astonished, I replied, 'I don't know who you are. How should I recognize you? I have just arrived from Portugal. I nearly perished of hunger there, and the *cuisine* of this hotel seems to me to be really excellent.' 'Ah, you have come from Portugal,'

he said, 'well, I've just come from Paris.' This at once explained our divergence of opinion as to the cooking. Realizing the humor of the situation, my friend began to laugh at his fit of anger, and then made his apologies. We drew out chairs nearer to one another and finished our lunch together.

"Afterwards he told me his name. He confessed that he had supposed that I was some one who had recognized him and wished to play a vulgar joke on him. The idea that the persecution which he thought he had escaped by leaving Paris was about to begin again in Madrid had at once exasperated him. The acquaintance thus begun rapidly kindled into intimacy. We explored Madrid together. Naturally we spent a considerable time every day before the paintings of Velasquez in the Prado. At this time Madrid preserved its old picturesque

appearance. There were still a number of *cafés* in the old houses of the Calle di Sevilla, which formed a general rendezvous for people connected with bull-fighting. Large awnings were stretched across the street from the upper parts of the houses, giving it an agreeable shade and comparative coolness in the afternoon. The Calle di Sevilla with its picturesque life became our favorite haunt. We saw several bull-fights—Manet made sketches of them, which he used later for his paintings. We also went to Toledo to see the Cathedral and Greco's pictures.

"There is no need to tell how everything that Manet saw in Spain, which had haunted his dreams for so long, fulfilled his ut-



PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN
By PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR

—Collection M. Marczell de Nemes, Budapest



MLLE. SAMARY, 1879 Collection Morosoff, Moscow
By PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR

most expectations. One thing, however, spoilt his pleasure—the difficulty which he had experienced from the first, of accommodating himself to the Spanish mode of living. He could not fall in with it. He almost gave up eating. He felt an overpowering repugnance to the odor of the dishes that were set before him. He was in fact a Parisian who could find no comfort outside of Paris. At the end of ten days, really starved and ill, he was obliged to return. We traveled back together. At this period travelers were compelled to show their passports. When we produced ours at the station at Hendaye, the official who examined them stared at Manet with astonishment. He sent for his wife and family in order that they might see him too. The other passengers, having soon learnt who he was, began to stare as well. As they had heard of him as a painter of artistic monstrosities, they were evidently greatly as-



LANDSCAPE AT PEYRIÈRES
By PAUL CÉZANNE

tonished to find him a perfectly polite and well-behaved man of the world."

Soon after, Duret and Manet returned to Paris, where the friendship continued. This brought us to about the beginning of the meetings at the *Café Guerbois* of the group of young men who had gathered around Manet. Out of this group came the men who were called the Impressionists, and who today are called the Master Impressionists to distinguish them from their myriad of followers. M. Duret said about them: "When I first knew the members of this group, they were unknown. You know people become celebrated afterwards; it is only later that one can look back and note their doings."

"I also knew Zola, whose acquaintance I made through Manet. Whistler was not there at that time; he left Paris about 1863, but he came back two or three times for short visits about ten years afterwards. He never went to the *Café Guerbois*, when the Impressionists met there, he had already gone to England, so that he was outside

the group. He knew them all, but was in London when the connection was made between Manet and the Impressionists. However, Whistler had two things in common with the *Café Guerbois* group; unimportance, as far as the public was concerned, and poverty.

"Whistler, as I have said, knew all the Master Impressionists; he also knew and liked the many who were associated with them, as for example, 'Fantin-Latour.'" Then with an accompanying twinkle in his eye, he said: "Yes, Whistler was very friendly with most of them, intimate with some, but among artists, as in every other walk of life, people sometimes give each other a pinch, or even a punch."

M. Duret talked of his efforts to defend the works of the Master Impressionists, with a modesty that did not exclude a very legitimate pride. He told the story of a *brochure* he wrote in 1878: "This was the first print bearing the word 'Impressionist,' and it was published by two young men who opened an art shop in the Avenue de



THE PICTURE BOOK
By PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR

—Collection M. Eugène Blot, Paris



DOCK AT JAS DE BOUFFON
By PAUL CÉZANNE

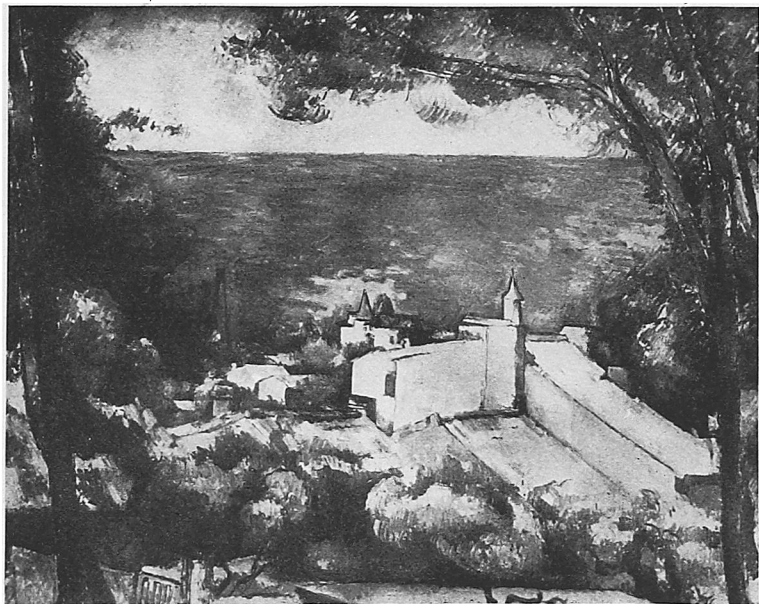
l'Opera, Paris. They eventually failed, and as I thought that I had helped them to fail by writing the pamphlet which they published, I asked them what they had spent on it and how many copies they had had printed. They had from three to four hundred printed, but had not sold more than twenty copies at fifteen cents each, so I refunded them the money. To-day this little book is very much sought after, and it sells for fifteen or twenty francs, when a copy turns up. Of course it is out of print long ago, but I included it in 1885, in my *Critique d'Avant Garde*, published in 1885. In

fact, this last book includes all my little, shall I call them lectures?"

One feels how very closely Théodore Duret was associated with the Master Impressionists in their early struggles, when one reads a letter like the following, that Manet wrote him in 1875 after seeing Claude Monet who was living at Argenteuil and was experiencing the greatest difficulty in making a livelihood. Manet seeking to devise some means to help him, wrote:

"My Dear Duret: I went to see Monet yesterday. I found him quite broken down and in despair.

"He asked me to find him some one who



LANDSCAPE L'ESTAQUE
By PAUL CÉZANNE



PORTRAIT OF MME. CÉZANNE
By PAUL CÉZANNE

would take ten or twenty of his pictures at 100 francs each, the purchaser to choose which he liked. Shall we arrange the matter between us, say 500 francs apiece?

"Of course nobody, he least of all, must know that the offer comes from us. I had thought of some dealer or collector, but I foresaw the possibility of a refusal. It is unhappily necessary to be as well informed as we are, in order to effect, in spite of the repugnance one may feel, an excellent business transaction, and, at the same time to do a good turn to a man of talent. Answer as soon as possible, or make an appointment with me—kind regards.

"E. MANET."

Sisley had an ingenious get-rich-quick plan for a would be purchaser which he suggested to M. Duret in the following letter:

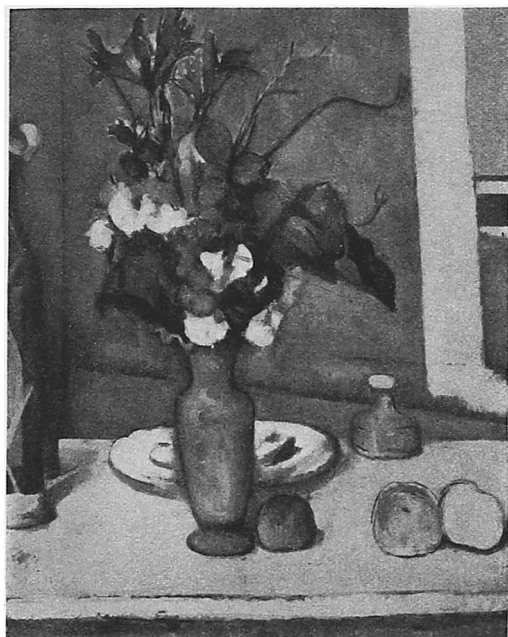
"My Dear Duret: Among your friends of the Saintonge, could you not find an intelligent man who would have enough confidence in your artistic knowledge to al-

low himself to be convinced by you, that he would make no mistake in investing some money in the purchase of the pictures of a painter, who is on the point of arriving.

"If you know one, this is what you can propose on my part: 500 francs a month for six months for thirty canvases. At the expiration of the six months, if he is not disposed to keep thirty canvases by the same painter, he can take twenty of them, risk a sale and thus make up his expenditure, and still have ten canvases for nothing. This last combination was suggested to me by Tual whom I saw a few days ago and to whom I sold a canvas. He strongly advised me to have a sale next winter, assuring me success. You see, my dear Duret, that the business I propose to you, is altogether practical, and with every chance of success. Try then to find me this sleeping partner.

"I must not let this summer pass without doing serious work. Mon Petit do give me a boost.

"Feeling certain that you will do your



FLOWER AND FRUITS
By PAUL CÉZANNE

—Collection Camondo

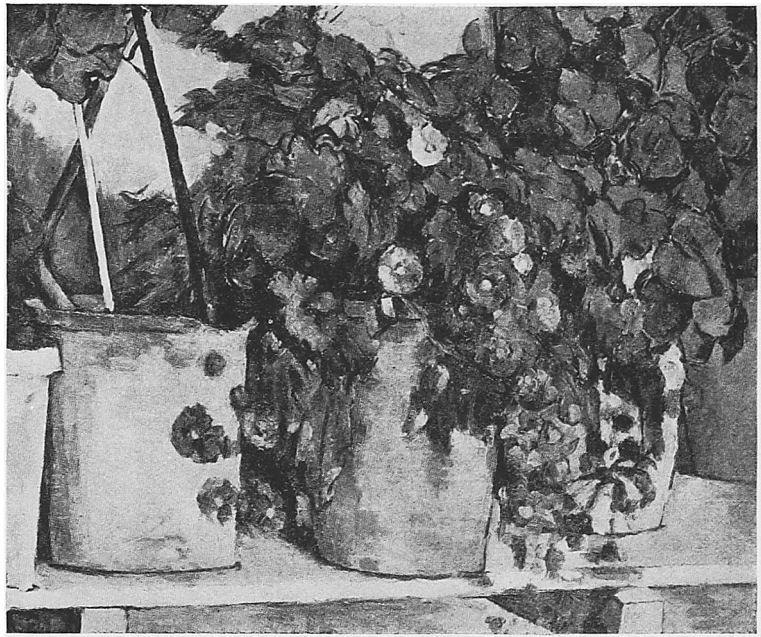
best for the success of this plan that I propose, and awaiting your reply, I am, in friendship,

"A. SISLEY.

"Aug. 18, 1878."

I was most anxious to hear what M. Duret had to say about Claude Monet, Berthe Morisot, Cézanne, Guillaumin, Degas, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, Mary Cassatt, Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh, Gauguin and Forain individually, and was able at one time or another to gather a very satisfactory, to me, idea of his opinions, and be it remembered that his advice is sought from far and near in these days. I may not always quote him correctly, but as nearly as I can remember the talks were somewhat as follows:

We spoke of the Master Impressionists who are still living. I had heard Renoir only painted when very much "assisted," but M. Duret said: "Renoir is still doing fine work. He has done many good things all through his life, and is still doing them, but he has his ups and downs; sometimes he is very much up and sometimes very much down. The very time that he is producing a masterpiece he may perhaps on the next day, do something which is quite inferior. But that is not at all strange. All artists are like that. Even Whistler did that, and in this, I am tempted to say that it is my observation that some of the greatest masterpieces have been done without any deeply thought out idea and I have known some of the most elaborately planned things to be flat failures. In many instances great art is a matter of impulse. It is a thing



STILL-LIFE
By PAUL CÉZANNE

which comes, it is spontaneous, and if it does not come, it does not, and that is all there is to it." A few months after this talk J. W. Morrice wrote me from Cagnes, France, where Renoir has a place. "Renoir is in a bad way, very ill in Nice—is paralyzed on one side"; so *finis* is written to the life work of another Master Impressionist.

"Armand Guillaumin was, in his early years also uncertain, but in later years he became much more sure of his art. Guillaumin is an indefatigable worker. As he has grown in age he has continued on in his own way. His technique has improved. He is now much stronger in color than formerly, although he has not changed his color. Some artists use strong colors that are brilliant to a certain extent but they do not produce light or life. Those of Guillaumin do. Guillaumin did not associate closely with the others, for he was a married man and had a family to take care of. His most intimate friend among the Impressionists was Paul Cézanne. They worked in totally different ways. Cézanne



DRAWING

By PAUL CÉZANNE

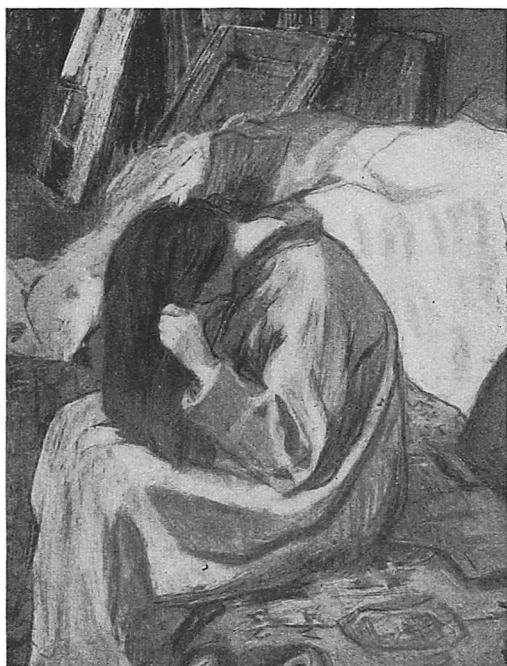
—Collection M. Théodore Duret, Paris

painted with the greatest difficulty, one might say with hard labor, and yet whatever he did remained broad and strong. Guillaumin works much more quickly. Their temperaments were quite different. Guillaumin practically lived in Paris all his life, whereas Cézanne was born at *Aix-en-Provence* and hailed from a Latin origin, which showed in his personality, manner and spirit. After he had spoken his first three words you would know that he was from Marseilles, and so far as the life of Paris went he was a foreigner to it. He was looked upon by the Parisians as a foreigner, and he felt himself to be one. Indeed, I have no doubt that he was more of a foreigner here in Paris, than a Spaniard or an Italian would feel himself to be. He was a

thorough *Provençal*. The lighter vein of Guillaumin as seen in his work has something to do with his early life." As regards execution, Cézanne was different from all the others in this group, while Guillaumin is much nearer to Claude Monet.

"As to Claude Monet; of course you know that he does not paint now, but in his later days he continued to develop Impressionism. He was a strong man in his work, to the very last. In his later pictures, the little shades were more in the upper parts of his canvases. The *Pond Lily* series at Giverny are truly the works of an Impressionist and I consider them the best of his works. I found his *Series of Venice* very interesting, but for me, I prefer those of Giverny. Monet visited Venice and he did what he could, but the *Pond Lily* series show him in his very own way. Claude Monet and Whistler were strong men who followed their own way, and who were not influenced by what other people did."

Speaking of the influence that Claude Monet, Guillaumin and the other living

THE MODEL —Collection M. Eugène Blot, Paris
By TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



THE BALLET DANCERS
By EDGAR DEGAS

—Collection M. Marczell de Nemes, Budapest

Master Impressionists have on the artists of today, he said:

"Of course, when the work of these men was new, their influence upon all art was stupendous, but as time has passed, the style of these men has more or less become the style of the new generation. The influence which they exercised was during their earlier existence, and ended some ten years ago, perhaps. They have said their say. Guillaumin, for example, has his own style, and while we recognize this style now and again in the work of the men of the new generation, his personal influence as to the future has perhaps had its way. The pictures that Guillaumin painted yesterday, or will paint tomorrow, have the added interest of belonging to the school formed by the Master Impressionists, of which he himself was a part. These pictures form

part of this group, and so his recent works, as well as his older ones, are part of the whole."

The Impressionists as a whole have formed a school. This school is a unit in itself, and the movement is completed. Men who work in this style now (excepting those whom we have mentioned as original members of this group, and who are still working) work as followers or mere copyists. They are of no account now. They have no influence. They only do what the followers of the School of David did after him. It is just as easy to make a painting similar to that which the Impressionists painted, as to follow the work of the men previous to this movement.

"Pissarro I knew very well. In his later days, he had some trouble, some affliction of the eyes, and when this overtook him,



BORDS DE LA CREUSE
By ARMAND GUILLAUMIN

—Collection Dalpayrat Frères, Limoges, France

he came to Paris, and painted from a window looking out upon the Tuileries. The best things he did were painted in the country. He is very strong on rural life, in fact, in my opinion, he is the strongest of the Master Impressionists in his interpretation of rural life. His peasants are always real peasants; his land always real land; land from which the grass and weeds grow as they ought. He is not as classical as Millet. Millet was Biblical, but Pissarro was a Hebrew and a thorough Hebrew at that, although he married a Christian woman. In his works you find no evidence of study or arrangement. Pissarro's work is not the result of an arrangement or intense study, but it is possessed of a soul. His canvases show great feeling. Pissarro died well off, but his early days were hard.

"Sisley was an Englishman born in Paris.

He went to England but did not like it very well, and returned to Paris. In fact England, to him, was like a foreign country. Sisley is not as strong in his work as the other men of this group. I think perhaps, that if he had not belonged to them, he might not have accomplished anything. In temperament he was not as strong as the others. As an individual, he was an amiable man who lacked strength and individuality. When I see a Sisley, I know his personality. A stranger might, perhaps if he looked at six or seven Sisleys, see different artists in his pictures, but that could never be so with one who knows. In the beginning Sisley took something from Courbet.

"Sisley was not as individual in his work as Pissarro or Claude Monet. He was not as strong a man in invention. He was very

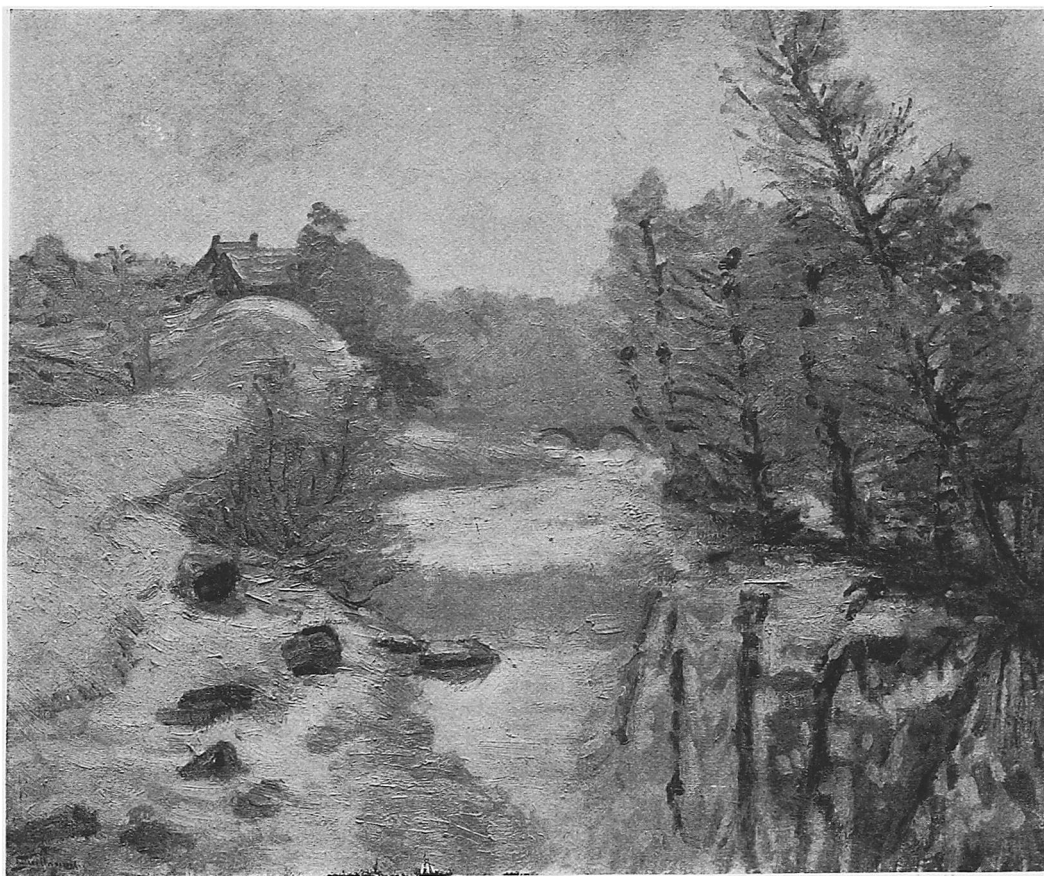
friendly with Claude Monet, and Monet gave him his style; but notwithstanding all this, you can invariably recognize the work of Sisley from all the others.

"Sisley had a feeling of great refinement before nature. His works are almost always bright and gay, translating for you the feeling which the fine French sun, shining in France, gives. After his early work or first experiences his individuality developed, and finally he grew to be totally different from Claude Monet. Sisley's works were strongest from 1876 to 1882."

Of course M. Duret did not mean that Sisley copied Claude Monet, simply that Monet took the lead and Sisley followed, but followed in his own way without copy-

ing. This might be said of them all, for each man among the Impressionists followed out his own road. They worked in harmony, one taking from the other. If you compare the work of Berthe Morisot with that of Manet you will see what I mean. If you look at the Manet and Morisot (glancing up at the pictures on one wall) you will see that a difference exists. It is the difference that would naturally exist between the work of a man and that of a woman. You can see and feel the difference between the masculine and feminine immediately.

Speaking of femininity brought us to Eva Gonzalès, who was very short lived, and later to Mary Cassatt. Eva Gonzalès was too young to have had much influence, but



CROZANT GELEE BLANCHE (1906)
By ARMAND GUILLAUMIN

—Collection M. A. Becq, Paris



THE KISS
By MARY CASSATT

—Collection M. Eugène Blot, Paris

M. Duret said: "I believe that she would have accomplished a good deal for herself had she lived longer, but at first, she was under the influence of Chaplain, and later under that of Manet, and then she died.

"Mary Cassatt is not exactly an Impressionist. She developed her style of color from them, but her master was Degas, and he cannot properly be included with the Impressionists. His style is that of a draughtsman, the others have that of painters. The Impressionists only draw in their own way.

"The influence of Degas on the work of

Mary Cassatt is very strong. She is a woman of very great talent, but after all her style is derived from Degas. From him she derives her composition. Her coloring is very strong, and comes from the Impressionists, but she paints in a stronger style than they did. The work of Mary Cassatt is much less refined than that of Berthe Morisot. There is not the same feminine delicacy in it. Mary Cassatt is a woman of lovely character and she is always, at the slightest suggestion, willing to help anyone. She goes out of her way to do it. She is an extremely good woman, and a thorough judge of art, and let me tell you there are as few good judges of painting as there are good painters. There are

people who spend all their lives in a more or less close association with art, and yet they never have any particular feeling about it. A feeling for art comes or it does not come. It cannot be created artificially. It is the same with painting.

"Toulouse-Lautrec also comes from Degas, but he developed much more individuality. He is mostly a draughtsman. He has made many lithographs, and as such he has had an extraordinary development.

"Gauguin and Van Gogh were the last two who attached themselves to the Impressionist movement, without being exactly

Impressionists. They were attached to the school but are different. Gauguin, although influenced by Pissarro, Cézanne and Guillaumin, had a strong personality."

I have undoubtedly lost much that was of interest in our talks, by confining myself to Whistler and the Master Impressionists.

To my great sorrow, I cannot share with you one of the greatest pleasures he gave me. A prolonged feast for my eyes, with M. Duret doing the honors. To hear his keen commentaries, given just often enough to enhance my pleasure, not distract it, was another lesson in "How to Show Pictures." Some of the commentaries I can give you and your imagination, or your knowledge of other works by the same artists, must do the rest.

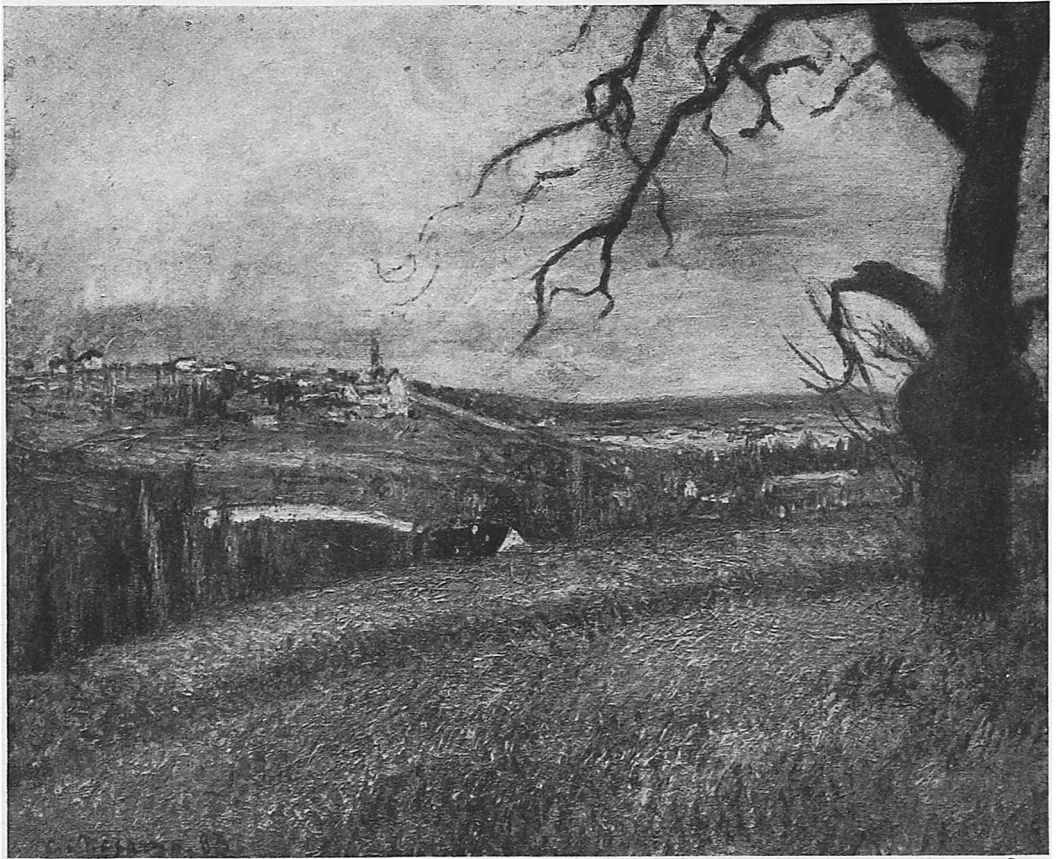
"Tana is a little Japanese dog I brought from Japan when I made the journey in 1873. I made the journey with Cernuschi who formed a museum in the Parc Monceau, which you should certainly go and see. Manet painted this picture of my little dog, so that he is actually moving. It was impossible to keep him quiet when being painted, he did not like, Manet's piercing eyes; he would have swallowed him if he could have done so. So I was obliged to hold him all the time that Manet painted



HEAD OF YOUNG GIRL
By PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR

him. I think he painted two or three more small dogs, but they were all of no importance. Manet was about two or three sittings painting the dog. The doll was added afterwards (painted red) to give value to the white of the dog. Just the same as Whistler did with the pink domino.

"The (vase of) *Flowers* by Manet is one of the last things he painted. I was with him when he painted it. He has painted six or seven of these vases of flowers with variations. Three or four of them are in the same vase with the dragon, which was new at the time. The composition is full



VIEW OF PONTOISE
By CAMILLE PISSARRO

—Collection M. Eugène Blot, Paris

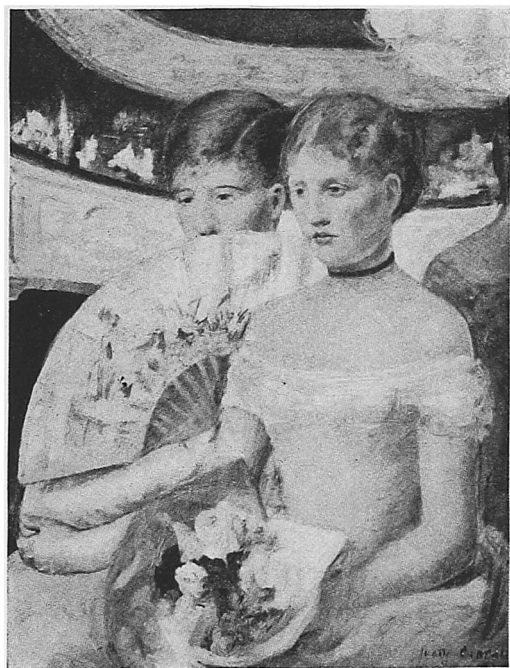
of life, and you can almost smell the flowers. The flower lying on the floor and which has dropped down from the vase is breathing. The transparency of the water in the vase makes it look like fresh water. The paint all over, especially on the floor, looks as if it were wet, if you put your finger on it, you feel it would stick. The picture is so simple that it seems as if a child could paint it."

Berthe Morisot hangs next to these by Manet. It was a portrait of a young lady sitting on a balcony. "This is painted in her first style and reminds you of Manet, but it is thoroughly feminine. No man could have painted it. It is individual, yet refined and ladylike. The body is strong under the clothes. There is more expression in this

face than Manet gets. This is a finer example than the work by Berthe Morisot in the Luxembourg. The atmosphere in it is absolutely preponderant."

Cézanne's *Auvers* is an example of his strongest colors, purple and green, like a Persian thing. It is like looking out of the window on a country scene after rain. Clear in drawing, it is strong and correct; altogether one of the best examples of Cézanne of that period. "You know, Cézanne could not sell his pictures, so he painted what he liked without the slightest regard for the pleasure of others. First and last he pleased himself, so it happens, that many, very many of his works have been left incomplete. It is difficult today, to find a finished work by Cézanne.

"His prices were made on a very simple theory. Forty francs for a medium sized canvas, one hundred francs for his larger ones. I paid forty francs for this Auvers. To day the most insignificant scrap of Cézanne's is treasured. His drawings, and he did a few wonderful ones, prove that he was a draughtsman of power. Frequently they possess a feeling of life, which is quite distinctive of his work." He spoke of having visited the exhibition of David and his followers at the Petit Palais, and finding it lifeless, he said: "On my first visit I could not get away from the feeling that everything there was still. At following visits I found each man, each woman, each child, each figure in the same attitude it had assumed years ago, when first introduced to the world. Horses poised up in the air in quite impossible positions, were still maintaining the assumed poise given to them by the artist; swords at the sides of officers, were still there hanging at the very same angle. Men, women, animals, were just so many subjects. Now look at this



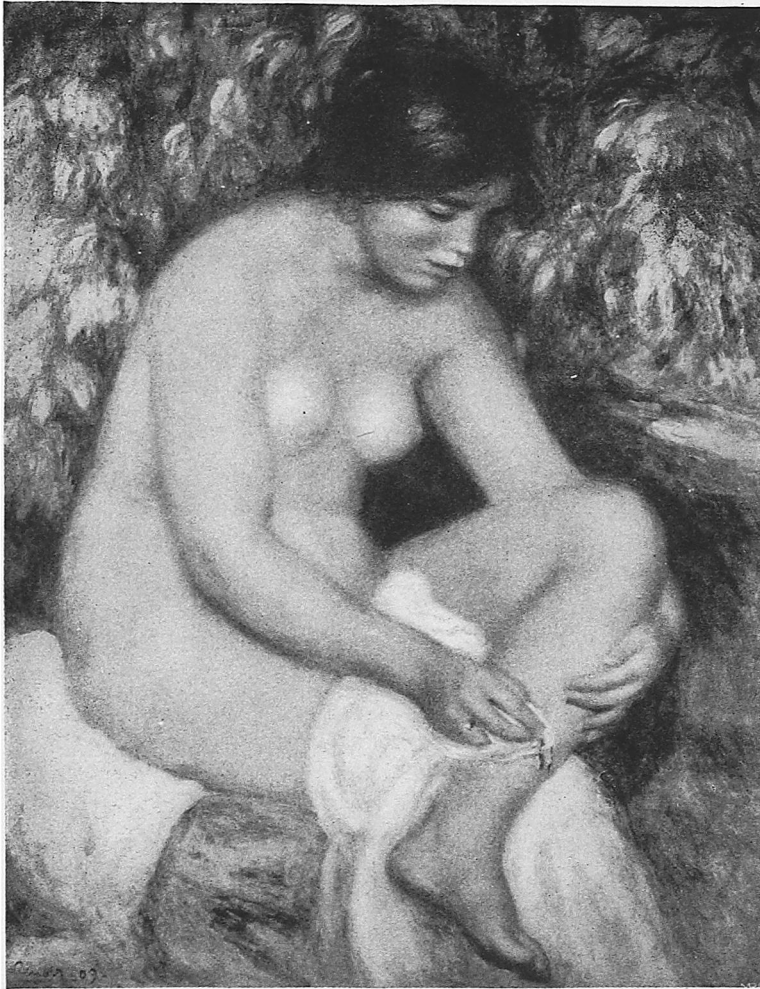
AT THE OPERA By MARY CASSATT
—Collection M. Marczell de Nemes, Budapest



SHEPHERDESS
By CAMILLE PISSARRO

very little and apparently insignificant drawing by Cézanne. A man walking away from you. Can you not feel that he is moving, breathing, and that you must look quickly lest he disappear altogether. That is exactly what David and his followers missed and many a man since.

"Look at my little Japanese dog. He is moving, breathing, his hairs are bristling. Yes, he has just barked and in a moment you will hear him bark again. Ah, that is art! Manet's art! An art which will live and live! These once despised men, the sport of a nation, are the laughing stock



WOMAN HURT (1909)
By PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR

—Collection M. Maurice Gangnat, Paris

not the same country, you see it, you feel it. In this we bask in the sunshine, whilst in the other there is the feeling of a rainy day. The composition is very simple, with three planes. The feeling is of a dry land basking in sunshine, and at the same time it is without any of the strong colors that most young artists of today use when they try to paint the sunshine of the South. It gives strength in a sober way, yet it is basking in sunshine. The depth is remarkable. One could place this picture by the side of a Corot, it is so quiet, so filled with the Spirit of Nature itself. When it was painted there was a great outcry, it is impossible to understand why.

of a world, will exist when all these little masters will have passed away, and even their names be forgotten.

"This engraving of one of Cézanne's drawings has just come from the engravers, may I present it to you?" and then he wrote his name across the bottom meaning it to be a souvenir of what he graciously called my "affable visit."

There was a landscape by Cézanne that attracted us next. That was painted about ten years before his death, at Aix-en-Provence. The light is different from that in Auvers. There is more of it and more atmosphere. You can easily see that it is

"On this wall, is a little 'arrangement,' as Whistler would say. Cézanne, Guillaumin, Claude Monet, Pissarro form the arrangement with a touch of still life by Sisley (*Tomatoes*). You see the rural life in Pissarro, you feel it is the country, you are actually in the country. The picture is a little dark, there is no sunshine, but it is an effect."

Guillaumin's seems to be end of summer in some place near Paris. Here he is not inferior to the others in the neighborhood not even to the strong Cézanne. Guillaumin shows up wonderfully in this picture. It was painted about twenty years ago. He

has made progress since then. He gives more air. Claude Monet's is about the same period (an ocean scene of waves).

M. Duret said in explanation of the unframed condition of the pictures: "When you see a picture without a frame, you know what it is."

"All these pictures I bought, but the Monet was given to me after the exhibition in 1880. The Pissarro I bought from the artist. I prefer to buy my pictures, consequently I have had few gifts."

Another arrangement is of a Renoir, a Morisot and a Toulouse-Lautrec. "You here see Morisot in her latest period, after she had worked with the Impressionists and taken from Renoir and Manet. It is painted in a very

free way. There is a difference of probably ten to twelve years between this picture and that one over there of a woman on a balcony. This is a true girl, a country girl, but the other is that of a refined lady."

Renoir's is only a little sketch, not very important. Nice, and a thorough Renoir. "He has his way of painting girls, but they are not at all ladies. His women always have a personal attraction to him. He liked the women, but in a different way from Manet. His women are all of a peculiar kind, they are not refined like the ladies of



STUDY, NUDE, 1875
By PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR

—Collection Stchoukine, Moscow, Russia

Berthe Morisot. He has painted a few ladies but it is not his class.

"Toulouse-Lautrec is a great draughtsman, a very strong man. The difference between Lautrec and Renoir is that Lautrec belonged to one of the oldest and most noble families of France, was a perfect gentleman and a Legitimist. His father, who is living, is a very proud old gentleman.

"Mary Cassatt's *Mother and Child* is one of her best. She has in it what she took so freely from Degas; his strong light. She has gone on with Degas in this picture, and not so much with the Impressionists.



THE BOY WITH THE RED VEST
By PAUL CÉZANNE

—Collection M. Marczell de Nemes, Budapest

The handling is strong. In her other picture, *The Baby in Pink*, the colors are harmonious and yet not abrupt."

There was also a picture of three *dancing Girls*, by Degas that I do not remember his speaking of. "About Forain, he has a strong individuality, but in a narrow way, not as a great draughtsman.

"In his picture of the nude you can see that Vuillard is a follower. Vuillard is one of the younger men who I think possesses strong personality. I consider him one of the best among the young men. You should keep your eyes upon him. You must surely see his decoration of a ceiling at the Petit Théâtre; it is very good. He is making

money now, in other words 'he is off.' He has a genius for painting interiors. This picture is complete, not because my portrait is there, for if you take the interior, the portrait will not exist. This picture is not a man with an interior, but an interior with a man. It is very difficult to judge of those who are coming along, although it is easy to see when they are men of talent, and have something they are searching for, as was the case with the Impressionists."

Perhaps this sums up M. Duret's reasons for championing the Master Impressionists in their youth, and backing his opinions by buying their pictures at the then current prices. The result of his discrimination is, that he is

surrounded by the true riches of the earth: the works of geniuses, of very lords in their spheres. I could find it in my heart to envy France the possession of such a man, who without the slightest ostentation, boasting or feeling of self has gone through life, fighting for the thing he found good. There is a type of art collector, who has only the acquisitive ambition to buy pictures in order to excel in spending money, who collects works of art since they confer a note of distinction upon the possessor and are thought to be the most expensive of all acquired luxuries. What an abyss exists between this type and Théodore Duret.